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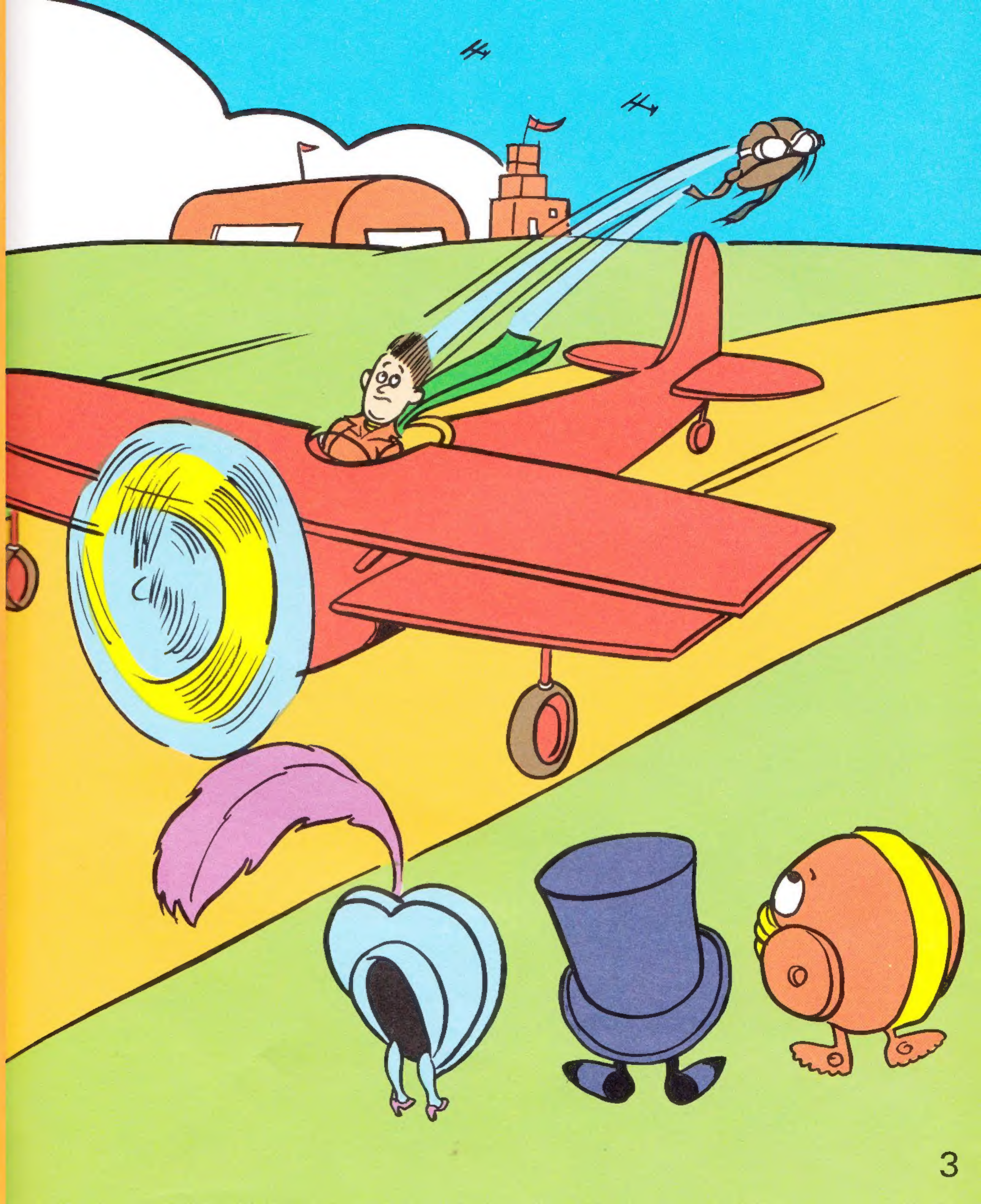
Hat Helpers Hullabaloo





Mr. H has hundreds of hats.
He loves all his hats.
He cannot understand why they are always in trouble.

Mr. H's hats spend their time
looking for different people to help.
One day, three of them decide to look for a pilot.
They get into terrible trouble at the airport.
It starts when a pilot's hat blows off his head.



“Look, the pilot lost his hat!
He needs my help,”
shouts Higgins High Hat.
Higgins plops on the pilot’s head.
“Get off my head.
I can’t see,” yells the pilot.
“I’m helping you,” says Higgins.
“You lost your hat.
You need me.”



Crash! Boom! Bang!
“Oh, dear,” says Higgins.
“I can’t help this pilot.
He doesn’t need a hat.
He needs flying lessons.”



“Stop that hat!” yells the furious pilot.

“Take him home to Mr. H.

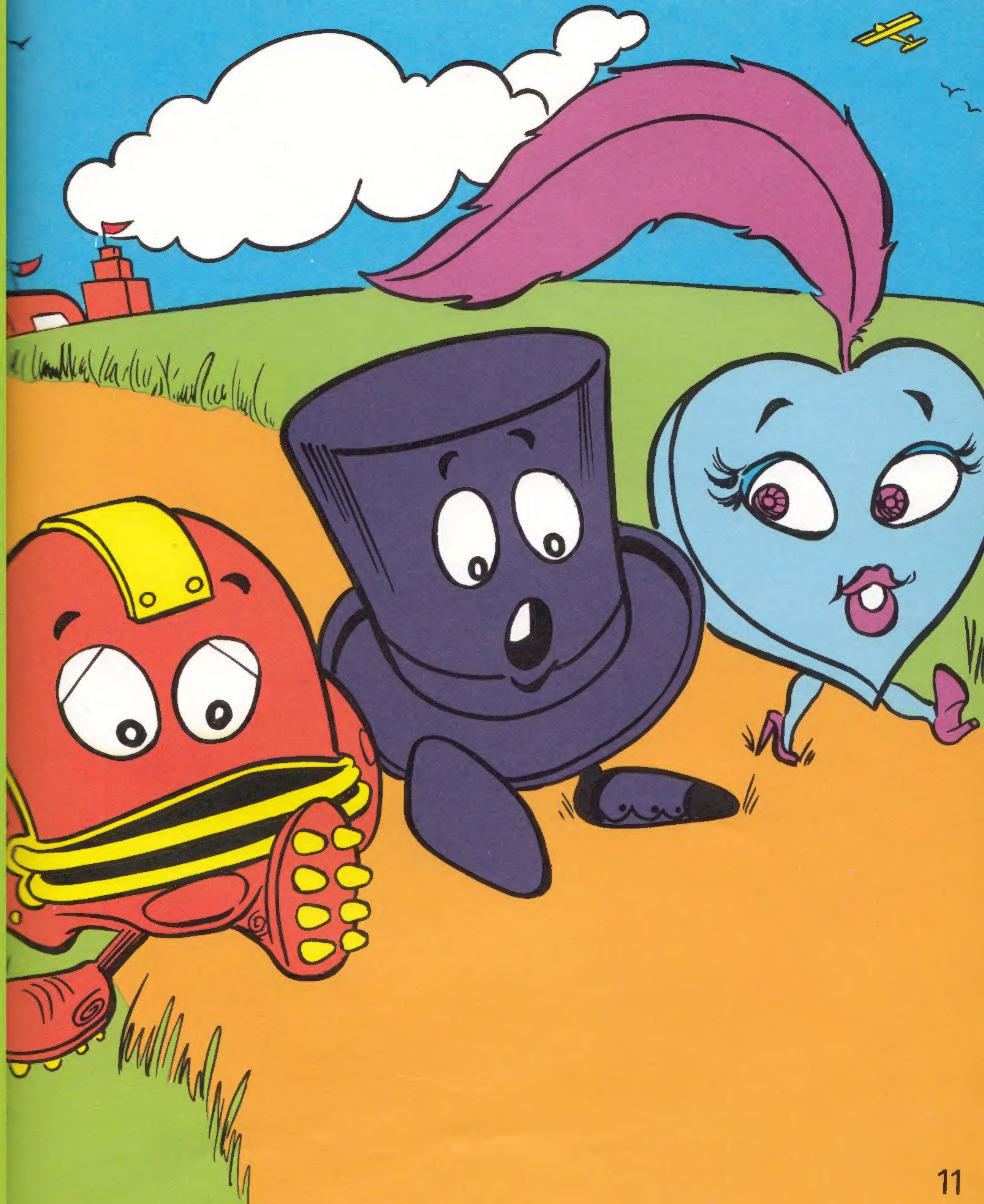
He made me crash.”

“You made the plane crash,” says Higgins.

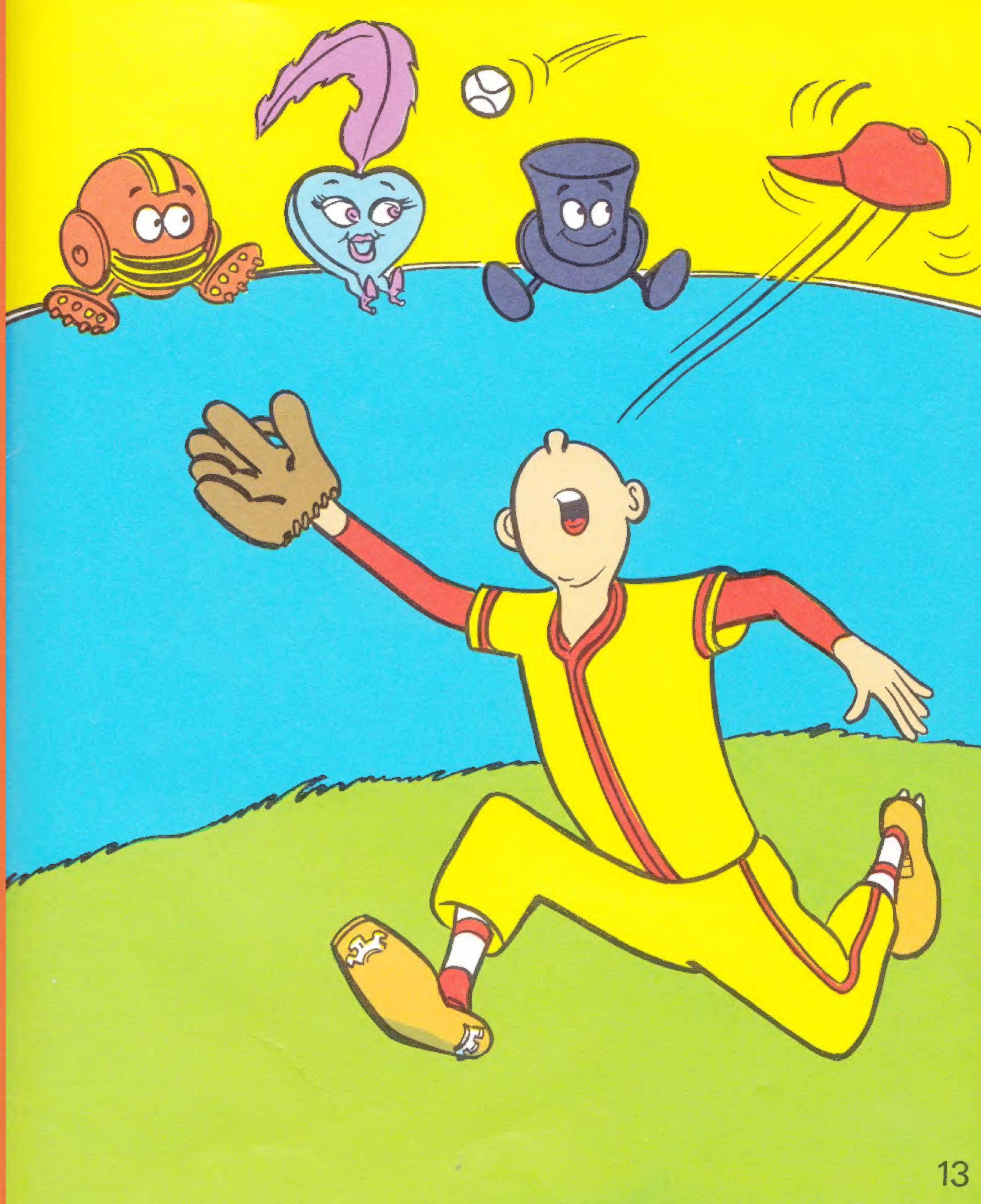
“All I did was plop on your head.”



Higgins and the other hats hurry away.
“Why did the pilot blame me?” asks Higgins.
“I was helping him.”
“I don’t understand why we are always
in trouble,” says Huey Helmet.
“Let’s go to another place.
We’ll look for someone else to help.”



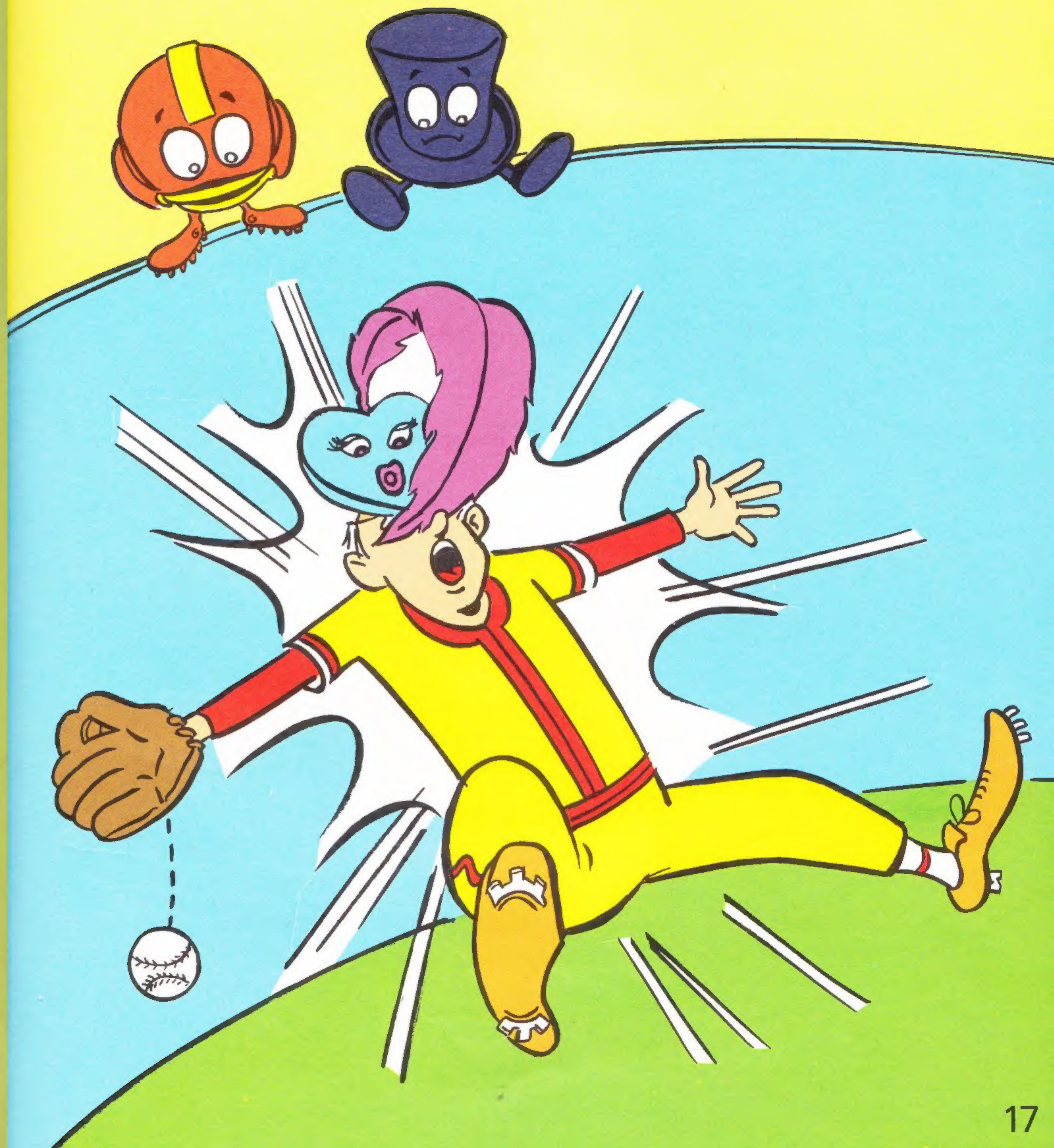
The hats go to the ball park.
“Who can we help?
Every player is wearing a hat,”
says Hildy, the heart-shaped hat.
Suddenly, she sees a player run
to catch a ball.
His hat flies off his head.



“Look! That ballplayer lost his hat.
He needs my help,” shouts Hildy.
She plops on the player’s head.
“Get off my head.
I can’t see,” yells the player.
“I’m helping you,” says Hildy.
“You lost your hat.
You need me.”



Crash! Boom! Bang!
“Oh, dear,” says Hildy.
“I can’t help this player.
He doesn’t need a hat.
He needs catching lessons.”



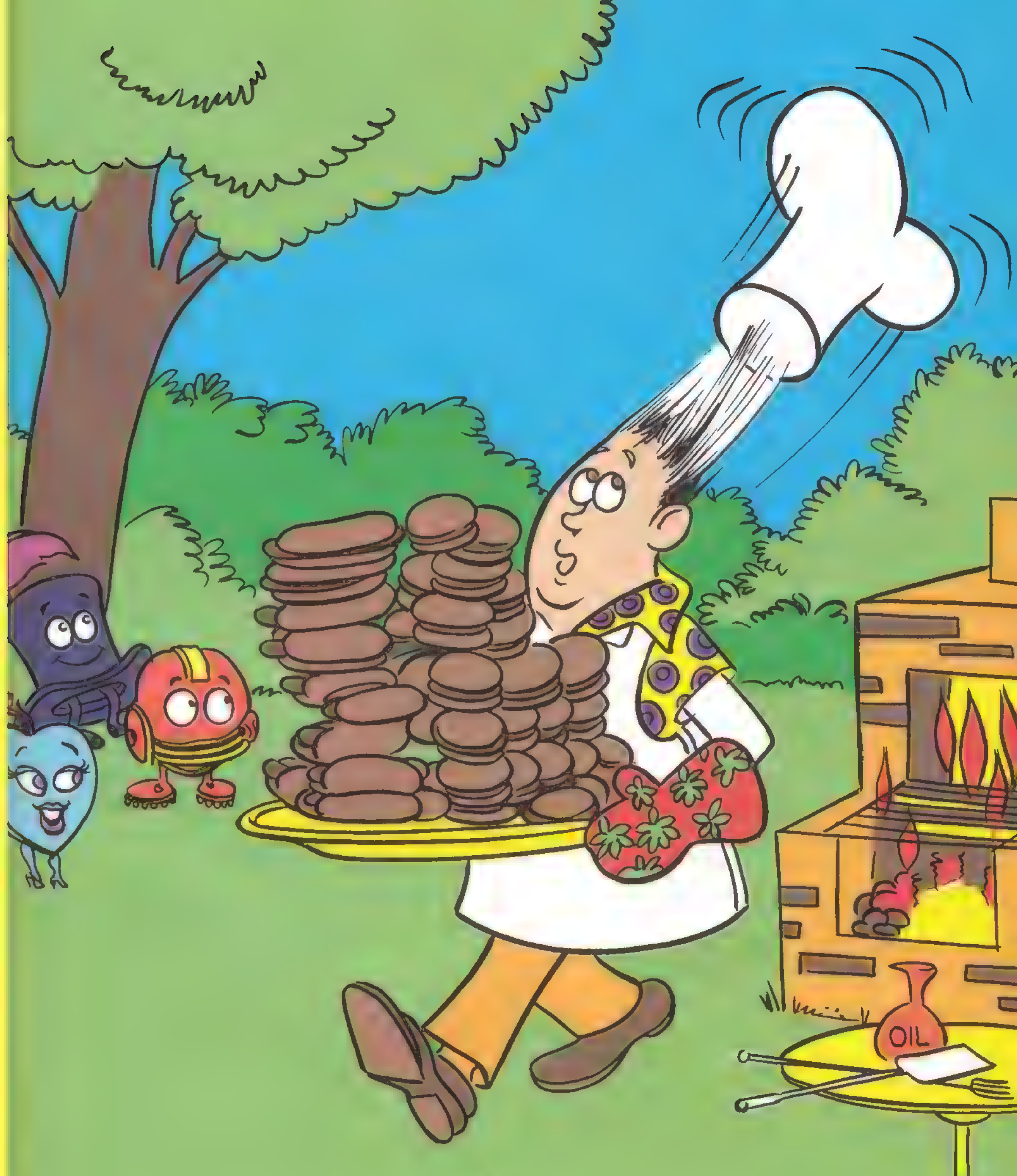
“Stop that hat!” yells the furious ballplayer.
“Take her home to Mr. H.
She made me drop the ball.”
“You dropped the ball,” says Hildy.
“All I did was plop on your head.”



Hildy and the other hats hurry away.
“Why did the ballplayer blame me?” asks Hildy.
“I was helping him.”
“We don’t understand why we are always
in trouble,” say the other hats.
“There must be someone we can help
without getting into trouble.
Let’s keep looking.”



The hats walk along sadly.
They see people at a barbecue.
The cook is carrying a huge tray
heaped with hot dogs and hamburgers.
Suddenly his hat blows off his head.
“Look! Here’s someone who needs
our help,” shout all the hats at once.





"Stop those hats!" yells the cook.
"Take them home to Mr. H.
They made me drop the tray."
"You dropped the tray.
But we're in trouble again," sigh the hats.

The unhappy hats cry as they hurry home.
Mr. H listens to their story.
He says, "Now I understand
why all my hats are always in trouble.
My hats should not look for people.
People should look for them.
I have a plan."
Mr. H works all night making signs.
He places them outside his house.



Mr. H's plan works.
His house is filled with people
looking for hat helpers.
Everyone leaves
taking a hat helper for the day.





Every evening the hats hurry home and say happily,
“We helped, and we did not get into trouble.”
Now the hats don’t look for people, people look for them.
The hats are very busy being hat helpers.
Sometimes they are tired, but they never complain.
After all, helpful hats are happy hats.